

**A**  
**A**

0  
0  
0  
5  
5  
5  
2  
5  
3  
4

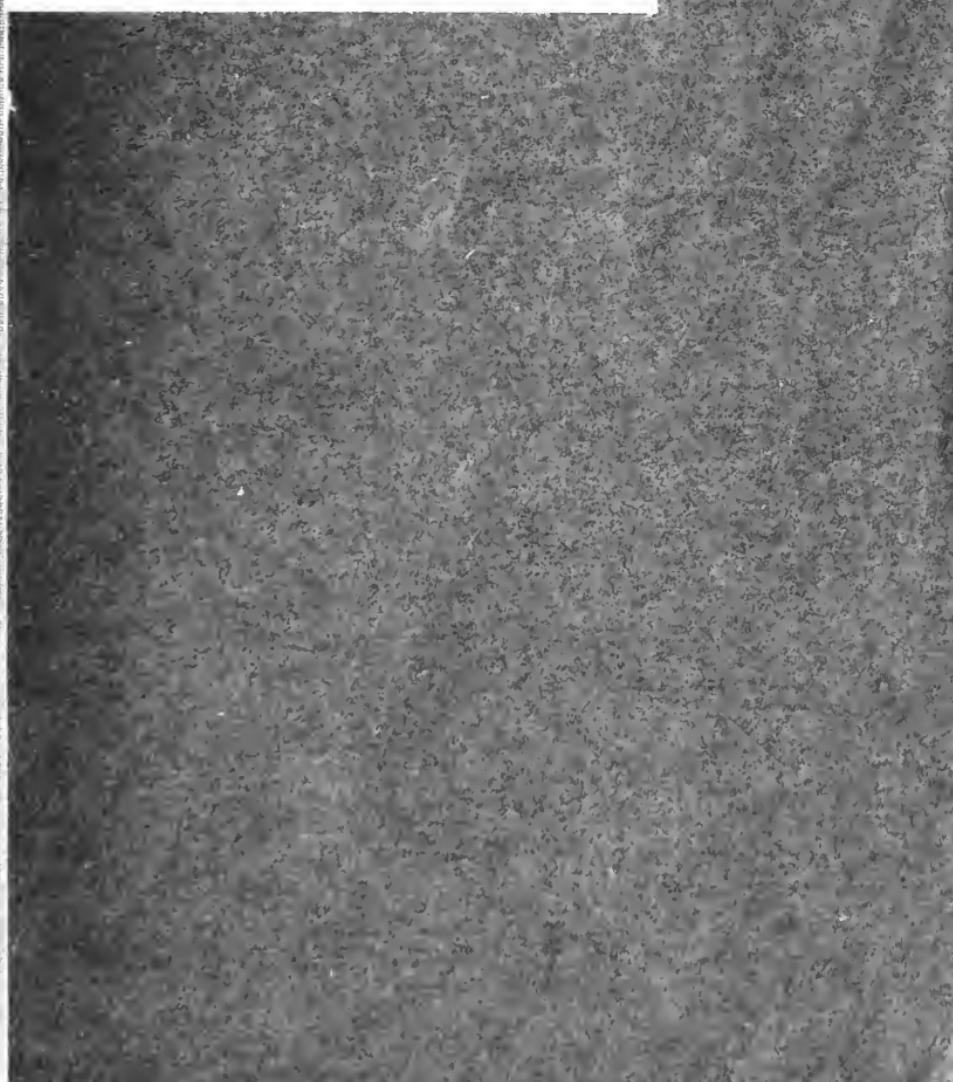
THE SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

PR6005  
968209

CORBY, J.H.  
Out of the Forest and  
Other Verses.

LIBRARY -  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE

Out of the Forest  
and Other Verses  
by J. H. Corby





OUT OF THE FOREST  
& OTHER VERSES

PRINTED AT  
THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS  
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

PAGE 25  
S. 31 24

## C O N T E N T S

<b>B</b> L E S S E D	L I S T H E Y O U N G M A N	page 1
	T H E Q U E N 'S S O N G, R I D I N G T O H E R I M I T A G E	3
	T H E W E S T E R N S E A	5
	T H E P A S S I O N O F L I F E	7
	I W E N T O U T A T M O R N I N G	8
	L I T T L E P O O L - E L F	10
	M A Y R A I N A T E V E N I G H T	11
	T H E C O M P L A I N T O F T H E G R A S S H O P P E R S	12
	C U P I D W I T H D O L F I N H	15
	A N O T H E R S T A T U E	16
	T H E F I G U R - H E A D	17
	C O L T S F O O T	18
	C O L O U R	19
	B E E S I N L A V E N D E R	20
	T H E P I T P O N Y	21
	A S I W E N T O V E R T H E M O O R	24
	T H E L O V E R E N T E R I N G	26
	T H E L O V E R L I S T E N I N G	27
	T H E L I T T L E P R I N C E S S	28
	O N T H E L I L Y ' S G O L D E N T O N G U N G	32
	A S C H I L D R E N T H E S E A	33
	D O W N B Y T H E B R O O K	34
	' I T O T H E H I L L '	35
	S O V E R E I G H T Y	36
	P R O U D I N T H E P R E S E N C E	37
	C L I F F S A N D S E A — S U M M E R I N G I N T H E N O R T	39
	M E R Y W I N D	42
	T H R E E K I N D S O F M O R T A L M A N	43

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

## BLESSED IS THE YOUNG MAN

**B**LESSED is the young man  
Who, when days are long,  
Fills his eyes with pictures,  
Stores his heart with song.  
When the sun is waning,  
When the shadow nears,  
Music still and sweetness  
Light the speeding years.  
In the gathered twilight,  
Smiling, he shall say  
‘Never can the past be taken  
Any time away.’

Summer in the meadows  
When the blossom falls;  
Snow upon the ranges  
Where the raven calls;  
Cloud that strides the moorland,  
Challenge of the breeze,  
Solitude and starlight,  
Sun and tossing seas,  
Rains, and roads of travel—  
Gifts of dark and day—  
Never can the past be taken  
Any time away.

BLESSED IS THE YOUNG MAN

Glories known in secret  
Hopes the heaven that climb,  
Great unflagging visions  
Of all space and time,  
Scents that in the silence  
Wake the thought to weep,  
Loneliness of passion,  
Loveliness of sleep,  
Swift heart-linking laughter,  
Friendship strong to sway—  
Never can the past be taken  
Any time away.

Striving hands are idle,  
Searching eyes are still,  
Feet that once were eager  
Falter on the hill;  
Yet within the heart singing  
Lives the voice of joy,  
'God cannot restore the past—  
Nor can He destroy!'  
Sleep we or awaken,  
Die the soul or stay,  
Never can the past be taken  
Any time away.

## THE QUEEN'S SONG, RIDING TO HERMITAGE

RIDE with me, wind, my comrade here,  
And stormy voice of the moorland rain!  
And mist and cloud at the wind's wild will  
Follow me on o'er dale and hill,  
While tumult of water sings in my ear  
And clamour of gallop beats in my brain,  
And silver torrents leap from the sky  
Lacing with foam the brown hillside,  
And echo shouts as my steed sweeps by,  
And the whole world's passion follows my ride.

Ride with me, wind of the great grey spaces!  
All of myself do I yield to thee.  
Chide me, buffet me, cleansing rain;  
Wash my soul from sorrow and stain;  
Till, quenched and banished the fears and faces,  
The path of the fire of my heart be free;  
Till veil-like, vision-like, fall and fade  
From brow and bosom the care that chills,  
As the sad cloud-cloak by the sea-wind laid  
The north-wind tears from the crests of the hills.

Cry out, O wind, to the skies above,  
Wheeling on wide invisible wings!  
Wild is thy heart with wordless tears,  
And sorrow of all the faded years.

T H E Q U E E N ' S S O N G

But mine is hot with the glow of love,  
And young with the youth of a thousand springs.  
Give me thy voice, and my heart is thine;  
I give thee joy of the wealth of my store;  
Cry it aloud till the bare hills shine  
With light resplendent for evermore!

Go forth, sweet wind, and a man's heart stir.  
Call to him, wind, with soft strong breath.  
Take to him life, and love's increase—  
Health to his hurt, to his heart's hurt peace.  
Tell him thou art a messenger.  
Tell him another followeth!  
Ah, swift I fly to follow my will,  
Aflame I follow, nor faint nor rest,  
Till his own dear arms my passion still  
Till my head be bowed on my love's dear breast.

## THE WESTERN SEA

ALL countries known to faring foot,  
Rich-fruited fields, and desolate,  
Their shoulders fall, and vales unfold,  
And voiceful waters meet and mate;  
And down the wandering roads descend,  
And wind at last to the wide gate.

*The western sea is full of isles  
And clouds of sunset far away.*

Sea-birds that float, sea-flowers that cling,  
They hear the call in cleft and cave,  
Where of all lands the rampart stands  
In armoured splendour, great and grave—  
Thyme-scented, cormorant-haunted coasts,  
And cliffs that over-watch the wave—  
*The western sea is full of isles  
And clouds of sunset far away.*

The ships put out from pleasant bays  
Of sleeping hues and vagrant wings.  
The everlasting quest compels,  
The unaging beauty spreads and springs.  
Before their eyes the world's width lies,  
And in their wake the salt wind sings  
*The western sea is full of isles  
And clouds of sunset far away.*

T H E W E S T E R N S E A

The heart of ocean heaves and shines,  
The clear lights change, the mists dislimn,  
The fleet and varying radiance fades  
Beyond the curve of the earth's rim.  
The lover, man, must follow still;  
The whispered summons conquers him,  
*The western sea is full of isles*  
*And clouds of sunset far away.*

His lonely path the gold sun treads  
To founts of fire and lakes of light;  
And the huge concourse of the stars  
Wheels forward in immortal flight.  
The ages unexplored await,  
The vast of space is infinite.  
*The western sea is full of isles*  
*And clouds of sunset far away.*

Ah lover, man! and wilt thou find  
Beyond those stars the secret thing—  
The glory know that woke the glow  
And hunger of thy visioning?  
For ever through the deep it drives,  
Nor is there end to journeying.  
*The western sea is full of isles*  
*And clouds of sunset far away.*

## THE PASSION OF LIFE

THE nightingale, whose voice doth start  
Across the dark so full and sweet,  
She hath no passion in her heart,  
But happiness complete.

'Tis in the listening poet's breast there stirs  
The breath of passion, and he calls it hers.

Children that shout in merry tone  
The fields and summer lanes along,  
The wandering child that sings alone  
An aimless little song,  
Content and gladness thrive and shine in these;  
But passion quickens in his soul that sees.

The boy and maid with love elate  
In joy of strength beneath the sun,  
The old man standing by his gate  
At peace, his labour done,  
The passer looks upon, and straight doth glow  
Passion within him that they do not know.

The life that blossoms in the rose,  
That with desire all hearts doth chain,  
Sees not itself, but ever goes  
Its way in joy and pain.  
But to man's mind the hour of vision still  
There comes, and with this passion strangedoth fill.

## I WENT OUT AT MORNING

I WENT out at morning  
To walk the meadows wide,  
And saw them all standing  
In happy spring showing  
Of apple-blossom, plum-blossom,  
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,  
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,  
All together blowing.

As onward I wandered  
A maiden I espied,  
Her sweet eyes shining,  
And her young cheeks glowing  
With apple-blossom, plum-blossom,  
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,  
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,  
All together blowing.

Come with me and wander  
About the fields of spring.  
The white-thorn is waking,  
The beech-leaf growing.  
There's apple-blossom, plum-blossom,  
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,  
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,  
All together blowing.

I W E N T O U T A T M O R N I N G

The song-thrush and skylark  
Shall speed our wandering,  
And the new sun climbing,  
And the freed brook flowing,  
And apple-blossom, plum-blossom,  
Pear-blossom, peach-blossom,  
Cherry-blossom, almond-blossom,  
All together blowing.

## LITTLE POOL-ELF

LITTLE pool-elf, your realm is all as fair  
As ever in the meadow-grass is seen,  
A tiny forest of entangled green,  
By one who lies and peeps. With gentle care  
My finger draws aside the floating screen  
Of weed, and lo, a lovely garden there,  
With groves of coloured foliage, and the sheen  
Of starry flowers. Anemones all wear  
Their coronets of red. Fine silver sand  
And stone deep-tinted make a terrace bright  
As castle-pavements of Arabian kings.  
A momentary glimpse of fairyland  
Still in the morning sun! And to the light  
Ethereal creatures spread their filmy wings.

## MAY RAIN AT EVENING

KINDER than any suns are they,  
The rains of May,  
That drip and talk among new leaves,  
And all the sorrow from the heart that grieves  
Do wash with tears away.  
Jewelled the grass droops, brims the buttercup,  
And fragrance thrice distilled hawthorn yields up.

West the clouds herd. Sky-glimpses eve restores;  
And bridge-like over heaven the great arc shines and soars.  
Colour stands glorified, the clear light showing  
Deeper the humid blue, the gold more glowing.

Strong rain, bright rain,  
Beat upon the brow;  
Full upon the face  
Let the tears fall now;  
Fresh upon the cheek weep,  
The heart knows how,  
While the young sap surges  
In the bud upon the bough;  
While the young heart surges,  
The young tongue sings,  
And the life-tide floods  
With the laughter of the springs!

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

‘Grasshoppers were seen in the weeds’—

Hakluyt’s account of Columbus’ approach to America.

WHY left we home—the ferns, the shadows cool,  
The twilight, and the lilies of the pool?  
Why left we home—the perfumes warm, the rays  
That sword-like search at noon the forest ways?  
Here is no voice to cheer us in the hush  
Of sun-glare, but the everlasting gush  
And murmur of the unresting waters, hills  
And hollows that melt and change, that no calm stills.  
Here the blue dome of heaven unshadowed sleeps,  
And the clean curve of the horizon sweeps  
To left and right, unscarred by reef or peak  
To hearten us with hope. The waste is bleak;  
And great cold birds, companionless and grey,  
From the far south sail up, and journey away.  
Frail is the floor beneath us, and below  
What terror lurks we would not dare to know—  
Dumb depths of dark, unstirred by storm or tide,  
Where vast and voiceless monsters gleam and glide.  
Why left we all we took delight in, all  
The pleasantness and peace of home, to fall  
A prey to daring folly? Nevermore  
Shall our toil-agèd vision see the shore,  
The silver shore we played on, nor the creek  
By which our brethren dance. We cannot seek.

### THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

And find again the life we knew of old  
In days untroubled, nor again behold  
The mighty leaves that shroud the glades in gloom,  
Nor watch the parrot stretch a snowy plume,  
While gem-like elfin wings, minute in grace,  
Dart laughing sunward in each open space;  
Nor shall our ears again amid the green  
Hear the sweet splash of woodland wells unseen;  
Nor evermore our hearts be thrilled to hear  
Our people's happy song, the sound of all most dear.'

Thus sighed the adventurers, who had joyed to be  
Wind-swept at sunrise to the open sea—  
Now soaked and worn their strong and leaping limbs,  
Quenched their melodious skill in summer hymns.  
But one, the leader, dauntless even so late,  
Lifts up his spirit to confront his fate;  
And gazing forth, his undefeated eyes  
Embrace a wonder new, and boldly now he cries:—

'Look up, faint hearts, and put aside your fear!  
The portent that we prayed is visible here,  
At hand to comfort and confirm the brave.  
See what a blossom floats upon the wave—  
A giant flower with spreading petals white,  
A lily of the dawn! What pools of light  
In the high garden of the gods, what streams  
Of youth and freshening fire beyond our dreams  
Did cradle it and nourish! Even as we,  
Exiled it wanders on the homeless sea;

### THE COMPLAINT OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

But still superbly does it tower and shine  
And life moves in its heart, tremendous and divine.  
Look up, faint comrades! Hope the gods restore.  
Beyond the ocean is another shore.  
True, true, the tale—the islands of the blest,  
Whose bliss shall heal the longing in each breast!  
Beyond the desert waters there are hills,  
And honey-fragrant fields, and trembling rills,  
And lakes serenely pure, and tongue-sweet herbs,  
And kindly skies that never gale disturbs.  
And if indeed our iron fate it be  
To perish here, nor that far splendour see  
With mortal eyes, be sure our spirits past  
Shall bound upon the billows, and at last  
Victorious come to the enchanted plain,  
Our consolation, and the end of pain.  
There stranger friends shall greet, and we shall sing  
And dwell beyond the sun, by morning's secret  
spring.'

## CUPID WITH DOLPHIN

YOU serious Cupid, with your lofty brow,  
Your clear and tranquil eyes, your child's face  
formed  
For truth and thought, what little wind of joy,  
What impish gust of roguery and frolic  
Has blown away your wisdom? On small feet  
You race, you dance on poised and lovely wings,  
And smile with mischief a droll smile, your locks  
Blown backward, as in clasping arms you bear  
The poor limp fishy thing.

## A N O T H E R S T A T U E

LIGHT hips, lean loins, smooth-muscled trunk  
and strong  
Bearing the breadth of chest in perfect poise,  
As the great neck the gallant head. One whole  
From slender instep up to spreading might  
Of shoulder soars the body, like a beech  
Or a proud temple-pillar. Motion too  
Is here, alert, buoyant, and musical,  
Instinct with life—to run, to dance, to fight,  
To ride the rebel surges. What soft curves  
Of womanhood can ever be compared  
With this triumphant splendour?

## THE FIGURE-HEAD

**B**A R E is my brow to the breeze, back-blown my locks and free,  
Under my glad foot the great fields of the sea!  
The playmate dolphin swims;  
The petrel races and skims;  
The spouting wave salutes, the wild wind follows me.

Away to the left and right the hooped horizon spreads.  
The surges whisper and sing and ruffle their crested heads.

Their hasty wrath they rouse  
And gird at the plunging bows,  
But steadfast gaze I ever where sky with the waters weds.

Bare is my breast to the storm, gallant my heart and free,  
Under my proud foot the huge path of the sea!  
Steadfast gaze I afar,  
Following sun and star.

Away to the end of the world a wanderer I will be!

## COLTSFOOT

UNCLOAKED, erect, minute, and bold,  
Unflinching in his stubborn hold,  
Spreading a myriad slender rays,  
A mimic sun of gallant gold,

A little knight and errant king  
That leads his armies conquering,  
A tiny tongue of light, a spark  
From the onrushing fire of spring—

His flaming pennon first of those  
That follow the defeated snows  
On sand and slag-heap shines, and in  
The mire of desolation glows,

While healing life the heart reprieves,  
And swallows find remembered eaves,  
And lark-song shimmers in the air,  
And great buds burst to little leaves.

## C O L O U R

TOUCHES of colour loves my friend—flecked rose  
Upon a cloud that flies,  
Sun-tint on wheeling wing, blue cornflowers in  
repose  
On a girl's breast who has June-lake-blue eyes.  
He looks for these; but I think otherwise.  
Subtlety nor daintiness  
My grosser mind intrigues.  
I would have colour massed and blazing—  
Breadth to smite  
And fill and bless  
And hurt the sight,  
So the heart be stunned and stricken  
From its nice appraising.  
As the flowers the summer rain  
My eye would drink, till joy have edge so keen  
That it become a pain,  
World-wide seas of flaming green—  
Hills of gentians—leagues and leagues  
Of blood-orange sunset light.

## B E E S I N L A V E N D E R

O SEEKERS of sweetness for storing,  
Why come ye thus habited, furred as for Arctic  
exploring,  
Here to the heart of the summer, the veriest beat of it—  
Wellspring of perfume, and beauty, and life-giving  
heat of it?

O ardent impetuous toilers!  
Invincible, clamorous, arrogant blossom despoilers!  
Why crowd ye where lavender slumbereth, breathing  
serenely  
Her lovely luxuriance, dove-grey, delicate, queenly?

But hear the melodious chorus—  
A solemn monotonous murmuring, softly sonorous;  
‘The summer is flying, and passeth the time of our  
reaping!  
The summer is dying, and lavender dieth in sleeping!

‘When chill of the autumn approacheth,  
Our fur shall be armour to guard us from frost that  
encroacheth;  
When withered is lavender, vanished the beauty she  
vaunted,  
By fragrance enduring our homes and our cradles be  
haunted.’

## THE PIT PONY

**W**HAT are you thinking of,  
Old pit pony,  
Here in the murk  
And the dirt of the town;  
Here in the dust  
Of the foul air, stale-smelling,  
What are you dreaming of,  
Old Broken-down?

‘Over the rocks of Shetland the great gale storms  
and sings,  
Full of the stir of voices and beat of beautiful wings.  
Shoreward the hastening hordes of the surge, enormous,  
pour and curl—  
Clearest of green, and drift-white foam, and sun-shot  
glistenings.’

What are you watching,  
You gaunt old toiler,  
Here on your grass-patch,  
Trotted, full of stones—  
You with your lean ribs,  
Glazed eye, spavined legs,  
What do you stare at,  
You old bag of bones?

‘The hills of Shetland shine with summer, her  
pasture sleeps unworn;  
The skua wheels on the drifting breeze, the rain-  
goose winds his horn;

T H E P I T P O N Y

The lark leaps up to the lighted cloud and trills in  
the midnight sky,  
And the deep northern afterglow melts dreaming  
into morn.'

Is that the vision,  
    You queer old veteran,  
Haunting your spirit  
    Now your eyes are blind;  
Now that the years  
    Of your labour have left you  
Outworn, age-weak,  
    All toil behind?

'The flung wave scales the windward cliff, the salt  
spray drives to lee,  
And hoofs are beating a merry tune, and long manes  
blowing free,  
On springing turf with the thyme o'ergrown, and  
scilla's clustered stars,  
And sea-blue scabious, bee-belovèd, in blossom  
above the sea.'

What of your masters,  
    You tired old pensioner?  
Toil is while strength is,  
    Visioning is vain.  
Labour and squalor here  
    Are their fate as your fate—  
Prison that opens not,  
    And burden of pain.

T H E P I T P O N Y

‘The light boats lift to the giant swell, and ride as  
petrels ride,  
Where folk who are free as I was free take tribute  
from the tide.  
My brothers’ backs with the peats are laden, out of  
the fragrant hills,  
That folk who are free as I was free may rest at a  
sweet fireside.’

Exiles I think we are,  
    You wise old being,  
Changed are the happy fields  
    For dark ways and stony;  
Nor is there returning  
    For fate-driven mortals;  
Exiles we all are,  
    Man as well as pony.

‘My masters know not home, nor hope; and dream-  
less fades their day.  
But a home is mine, and a dream is mine, and happier  
I than they.  
The south-wind fills the arch of the dark, a rushing  
river of air,  
And forth to the dark shall pass my spirit, and take  
the homeward way.’

## AS I WENT OVER THE MOOR

**A**S I went over the moor alone,  
The wine-clear wind with musical moan  
The heath did stir; of rain a smurr  
From dove-grey-breasted cloud was blown.

As I went over the empty hill  
Old days and dead my mind did fill—  
Days when I dreamed, and watched, and wandered,  
E'er sorrow knew me, or toil, or ill.

As I went over the lonely lea,  
A little shadow went with me;  
A little memory, living, questing,  
Wayward, fleet as the wind and free.

Lighter than birch-leaf gold adrift  
Or frail grouse-down that the breezes lift,  
So he moved in the days long vanished—  
Eager and small, alert and swift.

Little white feet with dainty grace  
Flitted, and poised, and flashed in chase  
Where secret life of the wild things passes  
That no man's patience or skill can trace.

Little black nostrils to and fro  
Searched the air-streams that stray and flow,  
Sensing a thousand things of wonder  
That I know not nor ever can know.

A S I W E N T O V E R T H E M O O R

Little hot fire that burned and shone  
So keenly, and so quickly upon  
The darkness died, was lost and swallowed—  
Utterly gulfed in night and gone—

How strange to see at the call of fate  
That quick flame kindle and abate;  
Your pathway taken, your journey ended,  
While I stood yet at my own life's gate!

Man is as grass, the wise do say;  
Yet in his early-darkening day  
What generations of friendly things  
O'erpass him on the appointed way!

Surely some genial god, that aids  
Us mortal beings, among the shades  
Shall give us again to meet, my friend,  
Where partings are not, and no dream fades;

And I shall wander where hopes abound  
Unwithered, in youth no sorrow has found,  
And you will circle and range for ever  
There, in a happy hunting-ground.

## THE LOVER ENTERING

I CAME into the meadow where thy feet  
Pass and repass in mazy wandering,  
And of thy beauty wind-stirred leaves did sing,  
And with a glimmer of thy radiance greet.

I came into the garden that is thine,  
And all its springing herbs of thee did tell,  
And there thy very presence seemed to dwell,  
And with a grace serene did brood and shine.

I came into the cottage, thine own realm—  
Thy dear task saw, thy scarcely-vacant chair—  
And thy sweet light did blaze so brightly there  
It did my dazzled spirit overwhelm.

So, at the inmost door that hideth thee  
I cannot knock, my heart so knocks in me!

## THE LOVER LISTENING

If all the dead who sang in vanished years  
Young fiery songs of world-old sweetness fair  
Their skill united in harmonious rare  
Full flood of music for enraptured ears;

If all the birds that haunt the airy ways—  
The evening thrush, the blackbird after rain,  
Lark, robin, wren, reed-warbler—in a strain  
Of blended melody did summer praise;

If all the little merry brooks that chime  
In streaming hollows of a sun-bless'd hill  
In power and splendour swelled, and heaven did fill  
With a great miracle of jubilant rhyme;

These hearing, faintlier would my heart rejoice  
Than at one whisper of that happy voice!

## THE LITTLE PRINCESS

HUSHED, where the pleasant wood  
Borders the field, she stood,  
The little princess  
Who wandered alone.

Sunshine and shadow played,  
Bird-voices music made,  
All summer laughed to her,  
Loved as her own.

Radiantly aureoled  
Glimmered her mane of gold,  
Back from her temples  
Wind-tumbled and twirled;  
Hands held her dress's fold  
Small as white butterflies;  
Flower-blue her troubled eyes  
Gazed at the world.

‘Woods that are kind to me,  
Lawns where I love to be,  
Ah, must I leave you,  
And grieve you?’ she said.  
‘Farewell to forest green  
When I am crowned a queen!  
Farewell to freedom dear  
When I am wed!

‘Larks with melodious phrase  
Thrilling the airy ways—  
Must I leave linnet-song,  
Mavis and merle?

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

Must I leave sky and wood  
For prisoned womanhood,  
Lost all the laughter  
And joy of a girl?

‘Nay,’ cried she, ‘wishes three  
At birth were granted me.  
If I must wed

It is not with the wise.  
Never a solemn king  
Mine, but youth’s cloudward wing!  
I’ll wed a singing bird  
Out of the skies.’

Lo, at her silken skirt  
Hopped a lark, lamed and hurt.  
To his trailed pinion

Quick stooped she, and caught.  
Clasped in her fingers white  
Fluttered his heart of fright.  
‘Now be a prince,’ she said,  
‘Fair as my thought!’

Then, at the word of power,  
Young as the dawn-dew’s hour  
Stood a man by her,

Swift, supple, and strong,  
Wind-light the grace of him,  
Sky-clear the face of him,  
Eyes full of sunshine  
And lips telling song.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

But, as she gazed at him  
Startled, amazed at him,  
Sweetly and earnestly  
    Prayed he, knee bent,  
‘Ah, lady, set me free!  
Make not a man of me,  
Who am child of the wild  
    And innocent!

‘I love the fields like you—  
Morning and evening dew,  
Thunder-cloud shadow  
    And noon-glow of day,  
Voice of the wind unseen  
Tossing the forest green,  
Rains of the spring-time,  
    And blue sky, and grey.

‘Better to soar and sing,  
A little feathered thing,  
Atom of joy  
    In the void of the dome,  
Than face the toil and tears,  
Burden of human years.  
Ah, lady let me go  
    Back to my home! ’

Straightway she turned to him,  
Though her heart burned to him,  
And, for the second time  
    Word of power spoken,

T H E L I T T L E P R I N C E S S

Under her fingers white  
Trembled the heart of fright,  
Quivered the hapless wing  
Bleeding and broken.

Pitiful then she said,  
'Go, little lover mine,  
Go, soar once more and shine  
Vibrant with song.  
E'er I go forth to wed,  
Take my last wish. Be whole!  
Have joy, unsullied soul,  
All your life long!'

Dream gone and wishes gone,  
Round her the summer shone.  
Smiling through tears she stood  
With ardent eyes,  
While from her hand's caress,  
Bursting with happiness,  
Up went the singing bird  
Into the skies.

## ON THE LILY'S GOLDEN TONGUE

**O**N the lily's golden tongue  
Thrusting through her bell of snow  
Tiniest elves have built a town.  
Stately walls and domes have sprung  
Cloudward, with a shining crown  
Of towers, and highways grandly go  
    Winding up and down  
On toward the glimmering  
Castle of the elfin king.

He with tranquil pride and gracious  
Looks upon his kingdom spacious—  
Bridge and buttress nobly set,  
Battlement and minaret  
    Fairy-wrought,  
And his flowering garden wide  
By the summer glorified,  
    Lovely beyond thought,  
Where in armies, row on row,  
Golden tongues and bells of snow,  
Flawless moonlight lilies grow.

## AS CHILDREN TO THE SEA

**A**S children to the sea  
Dance down with laughter,  
So this sweet tumult  
Of little rivers,  
Singing and tumbling  
One another after,  
From pool to fairy fall  
Hurries and quivers.

Whence born we know not—  
From what strange mingling  
Of clouds and great seas,  
Moons and hot day-time—  
Now for a moment,  
Leaping and tingling,  
They are themselves, and joy  
In their short playtime.

Whither we know not,  
Their quick mirth leaving,  
They pass and vanish  
To deeps that bore;  
Whose age-old vastness  
Their life receiving,  
Engulfed and silenced  
They are no more.

## DOWN BY THE BROOK

### THE RING DOVE'S SONG

DOWN by the brook, when dawn was breaking,  
I heard a young maid softly sigh:  
'Lonely, alas, my heart is aching!  
Lonely, alas, forlorn am I!  
Would that I were where flowers are waking  
Sweetly under the forest bough,  
Only my true love, true love, true love,  
Only my true love with me now!'

Down by the brook, when day was dying,  
I heard her mourn, and weeping say:  
'O that the eve could end my crying!  
O that my grief could die with day!  
Would that I were where wings are flying  
Homeward under the forest tree,  
Only my true love, true love, true love,  
Only my true love there with me!'

## 'I TO THE HILLS'

**W**ELL-METTLED is that man for strife,  
Well-armed, whatever fortune sends,  
For shock, and stress, and strain of life,  
Who hath the mountains for his friends.  
Their flawless majesty defends  
And succours when harsh fate defies,  
If to this goal his musing tends:  
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'  
  
So comely, kingly, shapely stand  
Those giants passionless and proud,  
Carved by a master-sculptor's hand,  
Superbly shouldered, nobly browed—  
So torrent-scarred and tempest-ploughed  
Their immemorial might doth rise—  
His heart is humbled who hath vowed  
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'  
  
Who drinketh at this quickening fount,  
His honour standeth ever sure.  
Invincible his mind shall mount,  
Sweet-savoured be his thought and pure.  
He can the fangs of pain endure,  
The fret of tedious toil despise,  
Whose wounds this certain balm doth cure:  
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'  
  
Friend, make thine own the legend fair—  
No lovelier can the soul devise—  
In joy and sorrow, calm and care,  
'I to the hills will lift mine eyes!'

## S O V E R E I G N T Y

(For E.L.)

**W**HEN on the world we look, and find  
Her striving factions all astray,  
Fools powerful, chained the noble mind,  
The wicked flourishing as bay,  
Then would we comfort in dismay  
Our souls, where else despair had been,  
With vision of a happier day  
When those are crowned who should be queen.

Then park and pleasaunce broad shall spread  
With smiles for eyes that hold them dear,  
And lawns with blossom carpeted  
Delight responsive thought to cheer,  
And birds discourse with voices clear  
In valleys of secluded green  
Song gracious for a gracious ear,  
When those are crowned who should be queen.

Then shall our great be great in aim  
And skill to guide, and heal distress.  
Their virtue shall mankind acclaim;  
The rich shall bow, the poor shall bless,  
The young adore, the proud confess,  
The wise admire with serious mien,  
The tired world sigh with thankfulness,  
When those are crowned who should be queen.

And you to whom our hearts are thrall,  
Their lady, on your brow serene  
Shall wear the fairest crown of all  
When those are crowned who should be queen.

## PROUD IN THE PRESENCE

PROUD in the presence  
Of immortal pride,  
Walk I where winds are born,  
The mountain-side.  
Where the hawk hovers  
And little streams sing,  
There goes my soul alone  
And listening.

Here did my fathers  
Watch, as watch I,  
Sun-gleams that flit and fade,  
Clouds that float by.  
Here did their feet linger,  
Stayed by the soft  
Firm-folded shoulders  
That lift me aloft.  
Their sadness even as mine  
Did find release,  
Hushed in the presence  
Of eternal peace.

Colours of quietness  
Here flower and dwell—  
Orange and russet bents,  
Bog-asphodel.  
The young bog-myrtle  
To the heart doth call  
With the most passionate  
Of perfumes all.

P R O U D I N T H E P R E S E N C E

Through the bright grass the wind,  
    Eager and fleet,  
Runs like a rippling flame,  
    With viewless feet.

In the high hollows  
    That the sunshine fills,  
Cups of clear water hide  
    Among the hills.  
All heaven they mirror,  
    All the light they hold,  
Deep blue at noon-tide,  
    In the dawn gold.  
And when the darkness  
    Unveils the sky,  
Down in their depths unplumbed  
    All the stars lie.

Blest in the presence  
    Of unaging joy,  
When bowed in shadow-time  
    As when a boy,  
Through the great solitudes  
    I yet would range,  
And drink the old earth's calm  
    That knows not change.  
Where starts the quick hare  
    And young rivers spring,  
There shall my soul have rest  
    In worshipping.

## CLIFFS AND SEA—SUMMER IN THE NORTH

THE giant bastions front the evening light  
Superbandsheer, surf-battered conquerors.  
About their planted feet for ever pours,  
Rustles, and foams the lovely liquid might  
Of the long surge, to its last drops alive,  
Alert and musical. A smooth-turfed lawn,  
The cliff's crest shines with sea-pinks flushed like dawn;  
And all the heights along  
The scillas throng  
In starry clusters wild, and thyme and milkwort thrive.

Rain-burnished, tempest-blasted towers the wall  
Of sombre greenstone, glinting granophyre,  
Tunnelled in sounding caverns, where the choir  
Of the great surges chants, and echoes call,  
And lost lights glimmer. Over hidden rocks  
The massed froth seethes. With endless crying noise  
In empty air the sea-birds wheel and poise.  
Like wind-borne seed in spring,  
So light of wing  
Down to the wave they float, and ride in countless flocks.

The sheltered inlets glisten silver-shored,  
Where fearless-eyed sea-creatures bask at ease.  
No sanctuary fairer is than these,  
As a child's hidden musing unexplored.

C L I F F S A N D S E A — S U M M E R

The wide salt wastes of watery distance, free  
And uninvaded of a questing sail,  
Are glazed with gold, fire-glowing, pure and pale,  
    As the sun seaward sinks  
        And his globe shrinks  
Into a single point, and fades beyond the sea.

The great sea spreads away and has no bounds  
But the clean, cloudless, far horizon-bow;  
And in the radiance of the afterglow  
Dream the clear colours of the bays and sounds.  
The ever-glorifying level light  
Of evening, and her sweet solemnity,  
Out of the dome of heaven will not die,  
    But into morning melt.  
        Where sunset dwelt  
Sunrise will blossom forth, unshadowed of the night.

A land for saints! I think Saint Brandan came  
In a moon-crescent coracle of skin  
Rocked on the crystal tide, and drifting in  
At such a long day's end, saw all aflame  
The last sun-smitten sentinel of land,  
And knew at length the end of journeying there,  
The blessed isle of peace, the bourne of prayer,  
    The goal of all his quest,  
        The realm of rest,  
The happy realm of God, for all his hermit band.

C L I F F S A N D S E A — S U M M E R

And here they hauled their boat upon the beach  
Among the shells and rose-root, and gave thanks.  
And here perhaps upon the wave-worn banks  
To the wild things the holy man would preach;  
And every gentle beast, and every bird  
That rides the unbridled wind, the seals, and whales,  
And goggling, gleaming fish (so run old tales),  
And scarts, and puffins quaint,  
To hear the saint  
Did crowd and congregate, intent upon the Word.

Ah, northern June! untroubled solitude  
Of stainless waters and of virgin skies,  
Of flowers and wandering wings! The winds arise  
And softly move, sea-cool and summer-dewed.  
The whole world watches, waits. Its beauty seems  
A frame for some expected secret thing,  
A revelation and a visioning  
    Of something heavenly—  
    Some mystery

Of love consummate here, fulfilment of all dreams.  
Here is the holy treasury that shrines  
The world's most precious jewel, here the place  
Of peace, so sought and longed for; and the grace,  
The loveliness, of consolation shines.  
As the sea-flower the sunlight, so the soul  
Drinks quiet; on a sea of quiet buoyed,  
As bird upon the billow, overjoyed  
    The calm of innocent  
    And deep content  
It finds, and life renewed, and all its hurt made whole.

## MERRY WIND

**M**E R R Y wind that wanders by  
Fret me not with memory!  
You, a graceless truant lad  
Roving under all the sky;  
Free to race about the meadows,  
Free to loiter in the shadows,  
Owning yet what once I had—  
Youth and liberty!

Happy, passionless you drift,  
Careless of the precious gift  
For you lasting, lost for me  
Bowed by burden none may shift—  
Age, that steals the body's litheness,  
Age, that slays the spirit's blitheness,  
Fatal foe that none may flee,  
Load that none may lift.

These belovèd hills enfold  
Fields belovèd, richly rolled  
To the river, still in joy  
Vocal with her chime of gold.  
These for ever you inherit,  
Wind, melodious laughing spirit—  
You, the everlasting boy,  
Mocker of the old!

## THREE KINDS OF MORTAL MAN

**T**HREE kinds of mortal man there be,  
Children of heaven, earth, and hell.  
The fortune-favoured do not see,  
But those in trouble know them well.

One kind sees you, his fellow-man,  
Thigh-deep in sorrow or in sin,  
And runs as quickly as he can  
To shove you down and tread you in.

The next, more mercifully made  
(And most of all the race are these),  
In office hours will give you aid—  
Chiefly advice—for proper fees.

But real, though rare, is kind the third,  
Who—may God's mercy keep him whole!—  
By inward impulse queerly stirred  
Will leave his lunch to save your soul.

A N E P I G R A M

A F T E R P L A T O

T H O U, mine own star  
Lookest toward the stars that fill the skies.  
Would I were Heaven,  
To gaze on thee with all those countless eyes!

## A NOTHER EPIGRAM OF PLATO

**A**S morning-star upon the world of light  
And life you shone.  
**A**Now as the evening-star among the shades,  
Dead, you shine on.

## OUT OF THE FOREST

O U T of the forest, under the moon,  
The song all singers have joined to praise  
Haunts the heart with a tender tune,  
Lights and fades in the leafy ways.

Foam-white glimmers the flowering thorn  
In starlight, May in its honied breath.  
One voice out of it night-wind-born  
Eager and vibrant uttereth.

Farther, one from the grove of pines  
Throbs and trembles, where in the glade  
The small, faint lamp of the glow-worm shines  
Deep in the gloom of the fragrant shade.

Mingled these in beauty, a third  
Like a bell's fine over-tone, so high  
And soft and clear, thrills hardly heard—  
A fairy flute from the distant sky.

O happy listener, how they fill  
The night, these voices, and float and blend!  
Can you hear them, I wonder, still  
There in the land of shadows, friend?

Like a grain of gold, like a point of light  
Quivers that note; as a single star  
Shines to tranced eyes through timeless night  
Of waste space, infinitely far.

O U T O F T H E F O R E S T

So perhaps to the land unknown

The tidings come, star-sweet, scarce-heard;  
Echo of music once your own—

Word of the spring, and our love's word.

The dead we love were lovers of joy.

With joy they moved in their hour of sun.  
In time of joy, by the strength of joy,  
From sun to shadow a path is won.

Surely, if life be given them there

Of shadow, or light we look not for,  
The joy they knew they shall turn to share,  
The dead we love, and be ours once more.

## THE WRESTLER

O V E R the stream the patient feet pass on  
Of every living thing,  
Obedient in its joy and suffering,  
And now are gone.

Hushed is the night upon the wilderness.  
The quiet waters of the brook go by,  
And sound unceasingly.

Cold is the vagrant wind's caress;  
Unbounded, as unseen, the vast of starless sky.  
Thou strong antagonist, or friend or foe,  
With thee in darkness I am left alone.  
O thou unknown, I will not let thee go!  
Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Lung-bursting grief, heart-wrenching pain of strife!  
Weak hands that grope and slip, that clasp and cling!  
Limbs water-weak, eyes blinded, ears that sing,  
Sweat, tears, toil aching, gasping ebb of life!  
How can I hold, or stay, or strive with thee?  
My strength is spilled, and thine a fathomless sea.  
Fast fainting, hopeless in thy grasp I grow.

I will not let thee go!  
Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Man, son of man, and all mankind am I.  
Out of the deep I cry,  
Out of the torment of mine agony,  
I will not fail, nor die!

T H E W R E S T L E R

Though thy fierce power appal, though I be frail,  
That throttling grip shall choke me not, nor throw.  
For the world's sake that thou dost torture so

I will not die, nor fail!

For all life, bleak with toil and black with woe,

I will not let thee go!

Except thou bless, I will not let thee go!

Art thou a friend, whose fearful hands oppress?

Art thou a foe, whose touch yet quickens thus?

Wilt thou at last reveal thyself, and bless

With the whole might with which thou rendest us?

Or ruthless friend thou be, or pitiless foe,

I still will fight thee so.

Thy life I wrest from thee, and mine do make,

And will not let thee go!

Till darkness melt away, and morning break,

I hold thee yet! I will not let thee go!

## P E A C E

If we had loved you, peace, we might have saved!  
If we had sought, we might have found and freed!  
We let the blind guides lead,

The crooked rule, and you are yet enslaved.

Our wealth, our pride we loved; we served our fear;  
Nor shall that bless us which we held not dear.

If we had prized, the world might know you then!

The clamour of the impetuous trumpet cries  
Under the lowering skies,

And 'War on earth' it chants, 'ill will to men'.

By our wise deeds undone, true words unspoken,  
Our children's hearts are pierced, their homes are  
broken.

## IN MEMORY

**H**E knew the terrible beach, the hopeless hill;  
And knew the burning sands  
Of those, the cruel lands,  
Age-old in craft to torture and to kill.  
He knew the shattering strain, the mortal fears,  
Of France and Flanders though the sour dark years.  
Full burden did he bear, beyond his share  
    Paid, of free will.

But now not there, and by these foes not slain,  
Is laid his broken body, yet again  
    Given, in scorn of pain.

In a far place, in a strange place, it lies.  
    The sun himself is here  
    A stranger half the year  
To wastes of snow and melancholy skies.  
The unending armies of the sombre pines  
Are ranged. The faint, remote Aurora shines.  
Dumbness and deadly cold the world enfold.

    Life sleeps, or dies.  
You that for silence longed in battle-press,  
Here silence is, at least; and after stress  
    The calm of loneliness.

Sleep, then! In life your gifts you never weighed;  
    Nor ever now would you,  
    As a friend's pain may do,  
Cry out, rebellious, 'Wasted!' You obeyed  
As gladly this as every earlier call,  
Counting no cost whatever fate might fall.

I N M E M O R Y

For not for one sole thing an offering  
    Of self you made  
To her, your land, her very life to feed;  
Your all was wholly hers, to serve indeed  
    Her slightest, fancied need.

Sleep on! though to the frost-locked world a stir  
    Come, and a quickening,  
    And wind on boisterous wing  
Surge through the forest, spilling from the fir  
    Her branchy burden soft of gleaming snow;  
Though the sun, mounting, ever warmer glow,  
And the earth feel his strength, until at length  
    Spring call to her;  
And rivers burst their bonds, and forward, free,  
Full-swollen sweep toward the polar sea,  
    And life awakened be.

Sleep on, through summers when wild violet blows,  
    And clustered marsh-flower bright,  
    And rowan, and the white  
Rock-cherry, shining like the vanished snows.  
Sleep on, while sunward leaf and tendril climb  
With tireless eager growth, in radiant time  
When heaven knows no shades, nor the blue fades,  
    Nor a star shows.  
The days that are the seasons dawn and die  
While the earth lives; but touch not, passing by,  
    The peace wherein you lie.

I N M E M O R Y

Ah, friend, of sleep, of peace, why do I prate?

Death is a mystery

Of darkness, that no eye

Loving, or wise, can ever penetrate.

That far land holds indeed the worthless clay;

But you have passed upon the shadowed way,

And now you may be nought, or beyond thought

Inviolate.

And if your mind turn worldward any more,

Plains better-loved I think it searches for,

And your own southern shore.

In death's blank face and blind, what words avail?

Yet take one word, my friend,

Of thanks, to grace the end

Of pleasant converse, you who did not fail

In fortitude nor faithfulness, heart-whole

In courteous dealing, of a gentle soul,

Of just and tranquil mind, and true, and kind.

Now the good tale

Is ended, closed the volume and put by;

The chords melodious into quiet die,

And are a memory.

## A S I N T H E E V E N I N G

**A**S in the evening of life,  
So in the evening of day,  
All the hot fever and horror of strife  
Fades like a shadow and passes away.  
Sunset, with dreamy and aureate fingers,  
    Quiet and kind,  
Bathing, enchanting its barrenness, lingers  
    On the high hill-track behind.  
    Over the lowland upwells  
    Night with her purple and slumbering spells—  
Infinite solace and peace of oblivion  
    Crowning the twilight where memory dwells.

## THE POET'S HEART AFRET

**T**H E poet's heart afret  
With half-heard song,  
With formless fancies frail,  
With thoughts that throng  
And, disembodied shades,  
    Battle and cry for birth,  
No sweet of quietness  
    Can taste, on earth.

His dreams his masters are,  
    And he their slave.  
Urgent and arrogant  
    His toil they crave.  
Unsparing, sleepless, they  
    Impose their cruel pride;  
And scorn his effort still,  
    Unsatisfied.

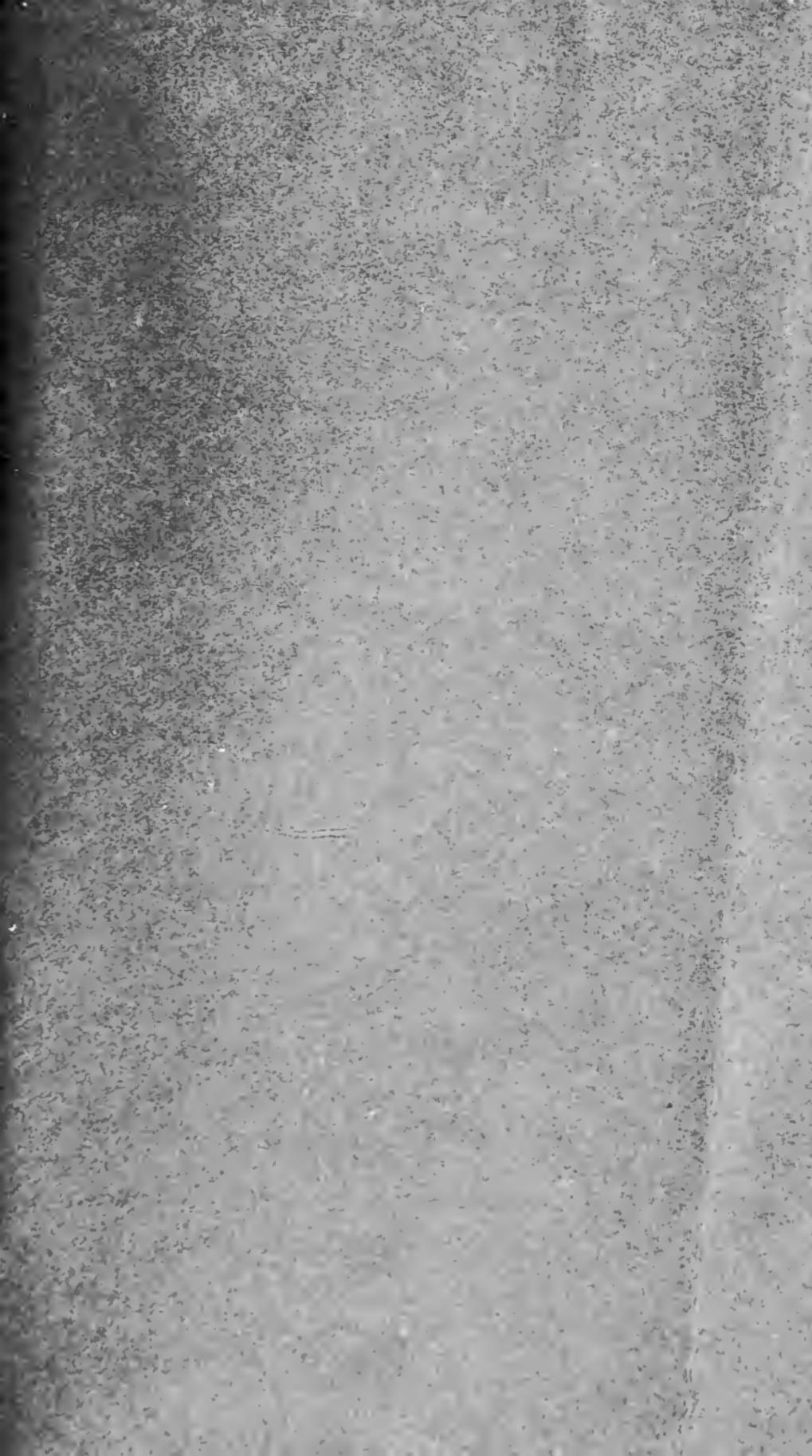
## WORDS THAT SPEAK

WORDS that speak, and sounds that sing,  
Scents of sudden beauty rare,  
To the spirit entering  
Joy and pain do bear.

Winds that whisper, days that die,  
Shadow, distance, lighted sky,  
Loveliest tranquillity  
Glad unspeakably,

Poignant-sweet they spring and shine.  
Spirit meeteth everywhere,  
In its moment of divine,  
More than it can bear.

In the heart of quiet blest,  
Yet for joy it cannot rest,  
But toward the unknown doth reach  
With passion beyond speech.



DATE DUE

SC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 555 253 4

UNIVERSITY OF CA RIVERFRONT LIBRARY



3 1210 01284 9764

